UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1911. NUMBER 13.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

It follows me through all my waking hours,
It strengthens, comforts, satisfies and charms,
The old, old message ever new and sweet:
"Underneath us are the everlasting arms."

It helps me in my irksome daily tasks,
It courage gives to meet the night's alarms,
It soothes my sorrows, heightens every joy:
"Underneath us are the everlasting arms."

And so I go my way with peaceful heart,
Life's turmoil neither terrifies nor harms;
Death has no sting, no victory has the grave:
"Underneath us are the everlasting arms."

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

The Book Harvest

BOOKS OF AMITY AND PEACE

It is the habit of UNITY to take annual note of the book harvest. This year we have asked, as in preceding years, a number of the friends whose judgment enlists the confidence of the competent, to name from one to six of the most important books of the year, estimated from each one's individual standpoint and interest. Most of the new books of the year that have gravitated to the editorial table of UNITY have already been noted from time to time by members of the Editorial Staff,—Mr. Powell, Professor Christie and others,—and more notices will come from these sources for this and forthcoming issues of UNITY. It remains for the Senior Editor to call attention only to some of the books that by chance or choice have become stranded in the editorial sanctum.

Among these books that are left, naturally our first interest is enlisted in those that deal with the growing fraternities, the increasing brotherhood, the growth of international comity, those that are given to discussing the most momentous questions of modern thought and current politics, the question of peace between nations and of fraternal relations between races, nations, languages and creeds.

First in this pile of books before us stands Paul Reinsch's "Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East" (Houghton, Mifflin Company.) Heretofore the study of the contemporary life in the Far East has been largely in the hands of missionaries, or if not missionaries, students of religion. Perhaps Theodore Parker's "Study of Religion" was one of the earliest attempts to glean from the literature of the East a sympathetic estimate and appreciative interpretation of ethnic religion. James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" and Samuel Johnson's monumental works on "India, Persia and China," William R. Alger's "History of the Future Life," and Moncure D. Conway's "Anthology, Gleaned from Scriptures Old and New," represent other achievements of American scholarship in this field. These studies were made from the standpoint of free religion, by those who would find the basis of all religion in the tire caste system," and it is they who form the real human heart and the laws of nature. The Oriental missionaries, the men on the ground, studying the Orientals at their lowest, presented a very different pictures and sought to emphasize the differences, if not the fundamental antagonisms, between the spirit and teachings of Christianity and those of Brahmanism, Buddhism, the Parsi and the Chinese, etc.

It is refreshing and almost startling to find this year a professor of political economy from the University of Wisconsin, turning aside from what heretofore seemed to be his chosen specialities—Colonial Government and Administration, World Politics and Spanish American Interests, to study the heart of the Orient and to discover the secret of power in the dreamy Hindu, the practical Chinese and the militant Japanese. In this book Prof. Reinsch devotes three chapters to India, three to China, and two to Japan. In the first group he discusses the progress of Asiatic unity. He finds "the intellectual bond which unites the Orient and best interprets its deepest soul" in Buddhism. He finds the pessimism imbedded in this religion "softened and given a delicate and artistic tinge" in Japan. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the Bhagavad Ghita, which he describes as the "most frequently appealed to and most diligently studied of the religious books of India." He is familiar with the teachings of Vivekananda and other modern representatives of Hinduism brought down to date. He finds the Brahmo-Somaj, who are the Unitarians of the Brahmanic faith, "waging direct war against the entire caste system," and it is they who form the real center for social reform agitation.

The essays on China discuss the intellectual tendency in the reform movement, the new education in China and the possibility of a parliament for China.

The chapters on Japan are entitled "Intellectual Life in Japan, and Political Parties and Parliamentary Government in Japan." Here the author finds a situation "which makes the growth of a class of independent literary men possible." He finds authors "living a life of great simplicity and enjoying the fullest happiness." And while "at present all is in the turmoil and uncertainty of a Titanic struggle, . . . there is emerging the mind and spirit of modern Japan."

This book of Professor Reinsch might take the felicitous title which Lowell gave to one of his earlier volumes, "Fireside Travel." Instead of going to the far East for the superficial study which necessarily is the lot of a traveler, he wooed the East through the printed pages of contemporary newspapers and magazines and native authors, as well as through private correspondence with many of his pupils and the available lore of the earlier Orient made accessible through the studies and interpretations of Sir William Jones, Max Mueller, and their more highly specialized successors.

But Prof. Reinsch's colleague in the Department of Sociology, Professor Ross, stopped for a while his studies of "The Honest Dollar," "Social Control," "Sin and Society," to rest himself with a journey to China and, as a result, has given us a book which throws important light upon the new China that is rising out of the conservative obscurity of the most ancient of living nations.

"Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria," (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the title of the last studies of Morris Jastrow, Jr., Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. This is the ninth volume in the series of American lectures on the history of religion, all of which are of great interest to the student of religion. In these nine lectures we have the last word in English concerning that cradle civilization that rose and fell in the mid-river country between the Euphrates and the Tigris. Sargon, Hammurabi and Nabonnedos, in the hands of Professor Jastrow take their place among the great law-givers, code-makers and beneficent nation-makers, fellows of Alfred, Charlemagne, Moses and Solomon. The Professor has shown here the succession of races—the yellow man, the Semite, Persian, Greek and Roman, from whose story he deduces this axiom, that "Nowhere does a high form of culture arise without the commingling of diverse ethnic elements . . . A pure race, if it exists outside of the brain of some ethnologist, is a barren race. Mixed races and mixed races alone bring forth the future we term civilization." Perhaps no field of history better illustrates the fell power of war, the devastation of armies, and the careful reader of Professor Jastrow's book discovers all this in and between the lines. Sargon, the temple builder, Hammurabi, the law-giver, and Nabonnedos the ruler archeologist, relieve the cruel triumphs of the military in the Valley of the Euphrates.

A striking demonstration of Professor Jastrow's principles above stated, is found in the most interesting congress of the year, the published addresses and papers of which form a most important contribution to the student of race problems under the title of "Papers on Inter-Racial Problems, Communicated to the First Universal Races Congress, held by the University of London, July 26-29, 1911, Published for the World Peace Foundation" (Ginn and Company, Boston). This portly volume contains nearly five hundred pages of learned discussions of the many phases of race problems written by representatives of the various races throughout the book-reading and book-making world. At this congress, Asiatic, African and European, yellow, white and black races, with all the intermediate shades, sat together side by side and in their turn presented their case. Was Professor Fouillee of the Institute of Paris right when he said, "All religion is intolerant and hostile to other religions," and was he further right when he said, "Science is the great reconciler, the fruitful germ of universal peace, realizing in the world of intelligence the maxim 'All in one'?" Whatever the answer to these questions may be, he who would find an answer will do well to consult this volume, which, to the mind of the present writer, is clearly the most significant and important contribution of the year to the ever-crying demand for inter-racial amity and for an even-handed justice to all the children of men.

The books already mentioned form the necessary introduction to the three books on war that lie before us fresh from the press.

"War or Peace, a Present Day Duty and a Future Hope," (A. C. McClurg & Company) by Hiram M. Chittenden, is a conservative word. Coming as it does from a representative of the army, a retired Brigadier General, a graduate of West Point, it should carry much weight with officials high in office. Some of the large funds now at the disposal of the peace societies might well be invested in presenting a copy of this work to every member of Congress, the Cabinet, the President and the Diplomatic Corps at Washington, for it is a voice from the inside, a message from a soldier, who, while in the service, saw behind it.

"War, And Its Alleged Benefits," (Henry Holt & Company), by J. Novicow, Vice-President of the International Institute of Sociology, translated by Thomas Seltzer, is a little book of only one hundred and thirty pages, but an effective one, which looks at the problem from thirteen different angles. Some of the topics considered are: War an End in Itself, One-sided Reasoning, The Physiological, Economic, Political, Intellectual and Moral Effects of War, The Theor-

ists of Brute Force, etc., etc. In the large and rapidly increasing literature on this subject we know of no other book that presents so much clear thinking in such limited space. Here is a sample paragraph:

> Since neither the people nor the monarchs desire war, it would seem that the nations could disarm and form the United States of Europe. Why do they not? There is only one reason but that a powerful one—ROUTINE, convention.
>
> This, I know, will seem paradoxical to many of my readers. But it is upon mature reflection that I am led to propound that proposition, and I think, sooner of later, it will be accepted by all enlightened minds.
>
> Yes, alas! War will be waged in the future simply because it was waged in the past. The future battles of the Europeans will be frightful holocausts offered to SAINT ROUTINE.

The third and last book in this group is a timely academic contribution to the permanent literature on the subject. David Jayne Hill, of large diplomatic experience, in a course of seven lectures first given before the Columbia University, has discussed "World Organization as Affected by the Nature of the Modern State," (The Columbia University Press). The titles of the last two lectures will suffice to indicate the climax of his argument; The State as an Armed Power, and The State as a Justiciable Person; the last lecture being given to a discussion of "The Limitation of Armed Forces, the Establishment of International Courts and the Demands of International Justice from the Business World."

"Half a Man, the Status of the Negro in New York," (Longmans, Green & Company) by Mary White Ovington, is a study of the colored man's problem within the limits of the city of New York, a fearless presentation of the subject by one who has studied it at short range, who has been for years in daily contact with those who need friends. Miss Ovington recognizes the existence of the mulatto, who is so signally and oftentimes so cruelly ignored by the friend and the foe of the colored man. The ever-increasing multitude of yellow people in the United States is quite as much a white man's problem as it is a black man's problem, and the significance of these *bleaching* processes in the destiny of the white as well as of the black man demands consideration. This book is painful reading but we are glad to believe with the author that "The Civil Rights Law is on the books and the psychological moment may arrive to insist successfully on its enforcement."

"Industry and Progress," by Norman Hapgood (Yale University Press) contains five addresses delivered to the senior class of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University in 1910, in which the problems of Employment, Labor, Production, Distribution and Progress are touched lightly but clearly and presented in such a way that seniors, in spite of the boisterous enthusiasm of athletic meets, must have enjoyed and profited by it. It is a book to hand to any boy or girl of high school or college age.

Among the books devoted to the discussion of human welfare it is not so far a cry as it seems from the books dealing with international peace and the well-being of nations to the books dealing with the problem of social purity, the sanctity of the home and the sacredness of sex. So we take one more occasion in this connection to mention the report of the Vice Commission of Chicago on "The Social Evil in Chicago," and the much smaller but noteworthy report of a similar commission in Minneapolis. The absurd ruling of the Post-office Department, which for a time refused the transmission of the Chicago report through the United States mail, but emphasized the need of such a book and the large part it is to occupy in the municipal regeneration of the modern city. The truth is revealed more clearly than ever that the so-called "social evil" springs not primarily from the lusts of the flesh, but rather from the lusts of the purse and the lust of office. The shrinking, shame-faced and, in the main, inefficient and imbecile victims of sexual passion are comparatively harmless and could be made subject to the control of law to the extent that other personal vices are controlled, if only the hardened money-maker and the vicious politician could be eliminated. The owner of real estate and the grafting *boss,* whether on the "Force" or off of it, are the greatest sinners and the most difficult elements in the problem. Those who would effectively fight in the cause of purity must needs direct their guns to those up higher.

"Health Hints and Health Talks," by E. R. Pritchard, Secretary of the Chicago Department of Health (Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago) is a very humble little book to be mentioned in this connection, but it is full of practical wisdom based on many years' experience in connection with the Department of Health in Chicago. Problems of Cleanliness, Contagion, Infection, Care of Infants, the Destruction of Vermin, Overcrowding, etc., etc., are here presented in the simplicity of the streets and the accuracy of the laboratory, which is the workshop of Secretary Pritchard.

CHRISTMASSY THINGS

Every editorial table in the land is flooded at these times with the fascinatingly pretty things created in the hope of catching the eye and opening the purse of Santa Claus. In the nature of things, the author who seeks this pretty dress bargains for speedy forgetfulness, and were the pretty things out of sight, the sane advice to Santa Claus in regard to these "attractions" is "Don't." Seek the shelves that hold the books in plain dress, the merits of which lie in the substance rather than the form. If Christmas gifts are per-

missible at all—and we would not dampen the joy or chill the spirit of the blessed season—they are justifiable in proportion as they fit into the permanent and deal with real things. Having said this ungracious word we hasten to atone by speaking cordial words of appreciation for the pretty devices and happy conceits that lie before us. From the McClurg house comes John Wesley Carter's "From the Heights," the glorification of a mountain—Mt. Tacoma—we prefer that honest Indian name to the more sophisticated and less fitting name "Ranier," a name borrowed from a forgotten English sailor, who may or may not have seen the splendid mountain. "The Good Old Days," by Charles Wheeler Bell, with funny illustrations, is the second conceit from this house. This is done in brilliant colors, but it pales beside the resplendant sun-flower conceits in form and substance, "The Peace of the Solomon Valley," by Margaret Hill McCarter, whose imagination reveled in Kansas, the Sun-flower State. "The Fourth Physician" is a Christmas story from the same house, a little book that has already won its place in the admiration of the competent.

"Gateway to the Beautiful, or Self Help" (Justitia Publishing Co.) is a helpful sermon, done up daintily, by the Rev. Mary A. Straub, one of the women preachers who has wrought long and well in the ministry of the Universalist fellowship, and who now, in the days when hard work is no longer posssible, sends this little messenger forth which ought to carry special attractions for the brothers and sisters of her denomination. An added interest is found in the fact that the proceeds of the sale will be a welcome help to the superannuated sister.

Here are three books from the enterprising young publishing firm, Forbes & Company, Chicago. Ben King's "Southland Melodies" have long been favorites, and these photographic illustrations add a touch of realism that is charming. This book ought to have a longer lease of life than that invoked by the implication of being a "Christmas book." The same house gives us the first venture in literature by a young Chicago woman who has been watched and loved from the UNITY sanctum these many days. Marjorie Benton Cooke offers a sonnet sequence of twenty-five numbers all addressed "To Mother," than which there is no sweeter or higher theme to tune a young girl's lyre. In "The Twelfth Christmas," our young poet tries her hand at a drama, which is the practice work of all poets. The characters are Mother, Mary, Marah, a little child, and the Christ-child, and the scene is in the carpenter's cottage in Nazareth. These two books promise well for the future. Marjorie Cooke is a woman to be watched.

"Monster-Land, or The Further Adventures of King Pippin," by Roland Quiz (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is one of the striking things with which we presume boy and girl readers are already familiar from the same author and from the same source. The pictures are loud enough to scare the timid and to satisfy the boisterous.

Climbing the ladder, we come to "The Myrtle Reed Year Book" (G. P. Putnam's) with a foreword by Jeannette L. Gilder and a biographical sketch and an appreciation by Mrs. Mary B. Powell. The sixteen books enumerated on the fly-leaf have offered abundant material for this attractive year-book. There is an epigram, sermon or song for each day in the year from the torrid heart of this genius-ridden soul.

Last among the Christmassy things that have come to our table is the pretty book of extracts entitled "Thoughts for Daily Living," selected and arranged by Imogen Clark, from the spoken and written words of Robert Collyer (American Unitarian Association). The one hundred and sixty pages are redolent with the appreciations and radiant with the faith of this poet-preacher who is still spared us. Nothing from the pen of Robert Collyer misses the mark, but to those who know him and love him best, there is a painful sense of vivisection here and we hope that this new book will send a new lot of readers in search of "Nature and Life," "Simple Truth," "Father Taylor," "Augustus Conant" and the other continuous productions of the genial prophet, who has translated the clang of the anvil into songs of the spirit.

A QUESTION AND ANSWER

UNITY for November 30 and December 7 will be devoted to our annual Book round-up. Will you name from one to six of the really important books of the year from your own standpoint? Answer postal-card length at your earliest convenience and oblige. *Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

James H. Tufts, Professor of Philosophy, University of Chicago.

(1) The most significant books of 1911 in general philosophy are undoubtedly the translations of Bergson's three works, "Creative Evolution," "Time and Free Will," "Matter and Memory," of which the first will appeal to the general reader.

(2) Warner Fite's "Individualism" is a brilliantly written re-statement of this position. Stimulating whether you agree with all of it or not.

(3) William James' "Some Problems of Philosophy." Incomplete, but gives a better statement of some of the author's doctrine than he had made before.

E. A. Ross, Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin.

This year I have been writing books rather than reading new books. But I want to stress Professor F. W. Taussig's (of Harvard) great two-volume work, "Principles of Political Economy." It is a man's size book, written by a cautious and conservative scholar, and is good reading for those who would be wise.

Rev. Joseph Newton, Pastor of the Universalist Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Instead of a list of books, which may mean much or little, let me mention one book which has meant much to me during the year. "Mysticism," by Evelyn Underhill, is a notable achievement, and a sign of the times. It does what has long needed to be done,—sifts the whole literature of Christian mysticism with sympathy, discrimination and insight. The appendix, giving a historical sketch of European mysticism from the beginning of the Christian era to the death of Blake, is a roll-call of names that shine like stars to light the heavenly pathway. These are they who sat by the permanent fountains of religious grace and power, undisturbed by the transitions of theology and the mutations of time—citizens of Eternity. They kept faith alive upon the earth in eras the most arid, amid errors the most cruel,—teachers of strength and quietness, who used the vestments of ecclesiastics as bandages for a bleeding humanity and the ropes of the belfry tower as cords of sympathy between man and God. If one would know what it is to be a vital preacher, and the secret of it, let him go to the great mystics. Here is a spring of pure water; it is free water of life,—taste and see what power it hath to heal the old hurt and heartache of life, and to restore the soul.

Rev. Newton Mann, Unitarian Minister, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Books in plenty have appeared of more popular interest, but for blazing the way of philosophy far out into the Untrodden, the great thing is Bergson's "Creative Evolution." This and his "Time and Freewill," his "Matter and Memory," to say nothing of other works of his not yet put into English, do much to lift the spirit-stifling incubus of materialism and make the term "Unknowable," (with a capital U), look a little antiquated.

Celia Parker Woolley, Frederick Douglass Center.

New books interest me less, simply as new books, as the years proceed. I have made a late discovery of some old books, Eden Philpott's on Fiction, Leroy Beaulieu's three-volume book on Russia, and,—smile not, Mr. Editor,—"Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." I am always interested in the literature of any race or color problem. Mary White Ovington's "Half a Man" and Professor DuBois's "Quest of the Silver Fleece," are the best new writings in this line.

Eleanor E. Gordon, Secretary, Iowa Unitarian Conference.

Of my own reading this last year I consider the following books as most important: "Life and Letters of Prof. Henry Sidgwick;" "Pragmatism and Its Critics, by Professor Moore; "Half a Man," by Mary W. Ovington; "The Priest, or Modernism in New England;" "Queed," by H. S. Harrison; "The Visioning" by Susan Glaspell. This last book is especially valuable for its protest against the methods of discipline in the United States army and for its anti-military spirit. All these books are late, but not all of this last year.

THE PULPIT

A Thanksgiving Sermon

DELIVERED AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1911, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Stenographically Reported by Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly

Teach us, O Father, to sing the songs of peace this morning. Teach us to climb the prophetic heights from which we may see all men as brothers, and all nations as members of the federation of man.

Father, may this glad Thanksgiving time lift us above the sordid needs, the petty greeds of time and flesh. We pray that that peace may come into our hearts which comes only when hatred is gone, and that power which comes only through loving. We pray for the triumph that belongs to the meek.

Father, teach us to walk in peace the one with the other and to serve the cause that will lift the nations into harmony and co-operation; that Thy will may be done in our lives and Thy kingdom come on earth. Amen.

We are on the eve of the latest and, in many respects, the most sacred holiday in the American calendar; the season of kindly thoughts and gentle memories, the season of widening sympathies, of quickening consciences, the season of the renewal of ties and the consecration of substance. It has been my custom for nearly thirty years, in this presence and on this occasion, the Sunday before Thanksgiving Day, to touch, as best I might, some of the living issues of the time, to interpret as best I could Thanksgiving Day in terms of civic righteousness and national progress,—in short, to try to connect the home circle with the larger circle of the state and to do what might be done by song and prayer and sermon to bring home to the hearts of the people assembled, a sense of kinship which encircles the globe,—to emphasize the brotherhood that is as broad as humanity and as profound as the God of humanity.

It is in the line of the traditions of this church then, to talk concerning the forces that make for the profoundest interests of our day, to consider that question which overshadows all other questions, and whose proper solution will carry with it the solution of many, if not most, of the perplexities of the State, and bring, in ever-increasing degrees, the amenities of the home.

Let us ask ourselves of the forces that are arrayed in the great and holy battle for peace.

There are certain well recognized and *counted* forces in this battle, forces which it would almost seem we have overestimated, forces that do not seem to carry power they deserve.

We live in this paradoxical moment when the consensus of the competent, the testimony of the scholar, the emphasis of the prophet and the prayers of the saints all call, with increasing clearness, for peace, while at the very same time, in the face of this great inspiration, the nations are burdened as never before with the horrible tax implied by war.

No matter whether the temple of Janus be closed or open, no matter whether the cannon be heard through the length and breadth of Christendom or not, all the same the mighty enginery of war is being multiplied, the chariots of war are being burnished and the horses of battle are being

groomed as never, never before.

In round numbers, 3,000,000 human beings lie idle in the fields of Mars through Europe in times of profoundest peace. The old estimate was that it would take a peasant, that is, the industry and the earnings of a peasant, to meet the expenses of a soldier. But later computations show that not one, but two peasants, must toil throughout the long year in sweat and in poverty in order to keep one soldier idle in times of peace. So the bare mathematics of the situation shows 9,000,000 able-bodied men withdrawn from the constructive work of the world in Europe alone, in the interests of war which do not and probably never will attain. And still, I say prophecy, philosophy, science and religion all cry out against the enormity.

So the *counted* forces in the interest of peace have probably been overestimated: at least, they have proved as yet inefficient. Note some of these counted forces that we have fondly hoped would make for peace.

First, it is the vain delusion of science, that by the increase of armament and the perfection of the enginery of destruction, war will become so terrible that civilization will withhold therefrom. The logic of the situation seems clear, but the history of the movement disproves that ideal hope. Trace the history of armament from the club to the spear, the spear to the sword and the sword to the bayonet, introduce the added potency behind the arrow that powder has given, multiply the potency of the cannon until now it hurls its weapon of death twelve miles or more through space, and still, all along, with the perfection of armament has come the increase of armies and the more deadly results of battle.

The uncalculated element in this fallacious conclusion is human nature. You cannot scare men out of the battle line; human nature is made of too heroic stuff for that. No danger can be so imminent, no life can be so menaced, but that under the inspirations of what seems duty and the cheer of what seem the plaudits of the present and of the future, men will be bold enough to face it. Never by the multiplication of armament can peace be found; neither can the protection of a nation be enhanced by the increase of its armament. Whenever the United States desecrates twelve or more million dollars by putting it into a battleship, England is ready to duplicate the order and multiply it by two, and Germany stands ready to make it four. So the lengthening line of battleships of one nation is followed by the expanding line of the next. There is no safety and no peace in the multiplication of armaments; that counted resource has proved fallacious. Psychologically it is founded on a wrong emphasis, and history shows that practically it does not work.

Then another counted resource is the economic one. We are told that war is getting so expensive that the capitalists of the world will not tolerate it. We have looked hopefully and prayerfully toward the bankers of civilization, hoping that they, representing the prudences of civilization, would make war impossible. It does go without saying that international war lies in the hands of the money-lenders of the world; that no power is so rich that it can push a war for three months without bankrupting its existing resources and without drawing on the resources of the future by its credit. And still here is a counted force that fails us, simply because money is not loaned by a popular vote. If war were to be determined by ballot, the vocation of the soldier would be gone. While war does deplete the resources of a nation and has impoverished empires beyond number, in the long story of history it still remains true that war does promote certain industries, war does bring revenue into certain channels, war tempts the cupidity of the individual money-lender and, inasmuch as war is determined in the cabinets of governments, the council chambers of kings, and the back offices of unconsecrated and unilluminated capital, the economic argument that promises the cessation of war falls to the ground.

Then again, we have counted on diplomacy as a peacemaker. We have said the wisdom of governmental officials will rise above war, and so it would seem. But, unfortunately, diplomacy is conservative, diplomacy rests on tradition, diplomacy is ambitious. When the greed of the purse fails to sway the individual, then the lust of power comes in, the love of glory, and, at last, the halting and the conservative and conventional sense of honor; the chip on the shoulder, which is supposed to be the mark of the valiant soldier, comes in with its deadly conservatism, and so, while the logic of the situation must penetrate the secret counsels of the nations, still, as a matter of fact, the closer you get to the throne, the closer you get to the president, the more you find that more dominant forces in the very cabinet of the most progressive government in the world are today committed to war, and one comes upon the startling spectacle of an enlightened president of the United States, while pleading for amnesty treaties that will make war impossible, looking admiringly on the long procession of battleships that moved before him a few weeks ago and yearning for more, promising at least two more battleships per annum until the Panama Canal is completed, stultifying his vision by the conservatism of his position and his advisers.

You know how long we have prayed for international peace. You know how this desk has rejoiced in The Hague and its deliberations. You know how we have caught signs of the dawning of a better day, but God knows how, in our impatient optimism, we failed to recognize the dread conventionalism, the cynicism that lies in the hearts of those who direct the destinies of the nations today in regard to peace.

Even art, the benignant goddess of beauty, thus far has arrayed herself in the main on the line of brute force, rather than of spiritual potency. The flag the drum, the uniform, the man on horseback and the ship bedecked with streamers, still stand in the foreground of art, whether that art be sculpture painting or music. When, here and there, there arises a Verestchagin with his brush, a Tolstoy with his pen, promptly the devotees of the beautiful say, "This may be very well, but it is not artistic." "He is no artist," was the pronunciamento con

cerning Tolstoy from this platform within a few weeks. No artist? Though he has moved a stolid nation, though he has stirred profoundly the longings and the aspirations of the human heart, though he has established connection with the saints and the sages of the past, and illuminated our own Bible pages with inspiration today! Still an art critic says he is "no artist." So, for a time yet at least, the forces of the battle for peace must not count much on the cooperation of art.

Here then, we have the *counted* resources of the army for peace, the increase of armaments that will discourage war, the accumulating expense that will demand economy in the sources that make war, the skill of the diplomat whom we have trusted, and the insiprations of art. All these as yet have proved inefficient at the very touching point where war is decreed. How all these considerations of danger, of economy, of prudence and wisdom, of beauty and harmony, have been thrown to the wind by the ghastly touch of something that has "hypnotized the masses,"—to use Tolstoy's phrase.

A battleship charged with uncontrollable destructive forces within its own breast, goes to the bottom of Havana Bay from a cause still unknown, and the most advanced nation in the world, as it believes, certainly the most pacific nation in the world, starts the cry, "Remember the Maine!" "Remember the Maine!" "Remember the Maine!" and the silly clamor of the street boys knocks the president off his pedestal of deliberation and wisdom, maddens Congress, and lets loose the dogs of war under the guise of humanity. A million, more or less, people are hard pressed down there on an isl and in the tropic zone, a mild land, and because they have wrongs which they are unable to right, in their interest the United States marches forth to devastate more homes, to destroy more hearthstones, to break more mothers' hearts, and to kill those who are innocent of the atrocity.

By sheer accident, an admiral of the United States manages to catch a defunct navy with rotten ships in Manila Bay; on a beautiful Sunday morning makes quick work of the miserable hulks of the enemy and, by that sheer accident of location, precipitates the United States, a Republic devoted to democratic ideas, into a war of conquest, writing imperialism above the Declaration of Independence, and introducing into the vocabulary of the United States, words that have no business in the dictionary of democracy—"possessions," "conquests," "dependencies," "subjects," etc.

But I have no time for further illustrations. My point is that thus far these counted resources in the battle of peace have failed to prove efficient. As it has been in the past, I fear it will be in the future. We have little to hope and much to fear from the development of what we call military science; we have little to hope and much to fear from the point of economy which is represented by the moneylenders of the world, and we have a long way to go before we can get the argument of peace, the potency of love, as close to the seats of power as is the position now occupied by the man with the sword, the manipulator of the gun.

Then is this battle a losing one, is the line wavering? No! I see three forces at work, quiet, silent, subtle, modest, as yet scarcely catalogued as forces in the army of peace, and these are the home, the school, the church.

It remained for the Baroness von Suttner, a woman whose life was steeped in war tactics, war politics and war society, to cry in tones that have reached all the hearthstones throughout the realms of Christendom and beyond,—"We mothers are tired of rearing boys to be shot." And by that epigram she has marshaled into line a great army corps in the war for peace which will eventually turn the flanks of the enemy and rout the man on horseback, disgrace the man with the sword and render cheap the buttons, the epaulettes and gold lace, in the wake of which women, silly women, alas, have heretofore traveled with nimble feet and with obsequious flattery.

The home ties that bind parent to child and brother to sister in proportion as that home is enlightened, make of that home a recruiting place for those who are to fight for peace. However it may be with our secretaries of war, the mothers of the world are realizing that war is barbarism, an inheritance from the brutal ancestry that reaches down to the serpent and the tiger, those who wore the fang and the claws, and these mothers are to win.

Heretofore England has been enabled to maintain an army that it has been proud of, composed largely of homeless boys. The "Tommy Atkins" of Kipling's creation is proverbially an unmothered boy, a homeless waif. This degenerate,—have Kipling's word for it,—does not willingly lend himself to the army of peace but,—Kipling's word for it again,—the degeneracy of such an army promises the debility of the nations that trust them.

A few lusty, husky, undisciplined farm-hands, unwashed and undrilled plowmen of the Transvaal, proved too much, even on the field of battle, for the thoroughly drilled, disciplined, manipulated, manufactured battalions of Great Britain.

The home is stronger than the camp where soldiers are made, and they now grow boys in the home whose ambitions fly far beyond the time-honored field of wars. I notice with increasing joy the manifest difficulty of the United States in keeping up its little standing army, even to its humble present size. It is simply because the American boy doesn't want to throw his life away on such idle pursuits. We are making battleships faster than we can find "Jackies" to man them. West Point, with its beautiful campus and splendid academic equipment, is dying for want of applicants, and the wise educators of the United States are quietly planning for something more worth while for West Point. In the next twenty-five years that training-school for soldiers will be transformed into some kind of a traing-school for soldiers in the army of peace.

Another illustration of the power of home, the love of peace and the inspiration thereof, comes from the alarming story of desertions from the

army, which is not made public in the United States. In the general clamor for publicity we need to be told frankly the perplexities of the War Department in regard to those desertions.

The last book on war that has come to my desk is this little handbook by a Russian professor of Sociology, Novicow by name, born in Constantinople, working in far Odessa. The book is entitled "War and Its Alleged Benefits," and in it we are told that the regular desertions in the British army represent one fifth of its recruits, and there are seasons when it represents one-half of its recruits. I take this as an indirect tribute to the manliness of the young men who, perchance under the charm of brilliant posters and great promises, perhaps the debauchery of liquor and the excitements incident to the recruiting camp, have enlisted,—but once the sober second thought comes to them, the life of a soldier becomes intolerable and, rather than endure it, they will violate their oaths and take the risk of being perennially disgraced. So mightily does the home work against war.

I said the school is the next force to be counted on. A few weeks ago David Starr Jordan addressed the Wisconsin Teachers' Association in Milwaukee on the duties of teachers in this very direction and called upon them to organize in every school throughout the land a branch of the Peace Society. When our school histories are re-written, so that they will be true to facts and not true to the glamor of war, when the real heroes are brought to the foreground, then, if not before, diplomacy will find itself serving the cause of peace and not of war.

In the very year in which Darwin gave his "Origin of Species" to the world, Germany was, by the verdict of this Russian officer, being "barbarized by that narrow-minded, provincial autocrat, that advocate of blood and armies that swayed Germany and disturbed the peace of Europe." For the time being he was the hero, not only of Germany, but of Europe, and we all looked with admiration towards Bismarck. Bismarck is already a forgotten factor in modern life, except to the statesmen who strive to keep up the traditions of war, while that humble man of science, Charles Darwin, whose heart sickened at the thought of a pheasant being wantonly deprived of its life by a healthy hunter, has re-organized the thought of the world, has laid deep in science and the nature of things the argument for peace, the conservation and the safety of human lives. It is the university that is breaking down more effectively than anything else today the cruel prejudices of race and the artificial pride of nations. Thank God that science talks an international language and philosophy knows no race. And so the schools are belting the world with a sense of brotherhood, and the dictionary, in the long run, will rout the captain of war and break his sword.

Oh, the potency there is in knowledge! When history is rewritten, our school children will be taught that all the boasted captains of war have left behind them a trail of devastation, a black streak that has denuded the continents. So I rejoice in the uncounted resource of science, in the war for peace. In the hands of such a master as our Russian friend, it is shown that the awful statistics of slaughter, the waste of human life by war in all the ages, not only takes out of that age and time the bloom and beauty of that generation, but robs future generations of the virility that goes with the best and the noblest, leaving the halt, the maimed, the crippled and the inefficient to propagate the next generation. From this platform you have heard David Starr Jordan read the scorching message of science as he analyzed the "Blood of the Nations" with his relentless skill, based on large study and deep biological knowledge. And so I look for the success of the army of peace because of these uncounted resources in the school and the home.

Once more—and last for today, haltingly, oh, too haltingly, the church begins to understand its own message; the priest at last is gagged by his own words, and he is forced by the logic of the situation, by the clamor of the home, by the demand of the scholar, to believe what he says, or else stop saying it, to practice what he preaches or else quit preaching. Christendom for eighteen centuries has mouthed its compliments to a "Prince of Peace," it has told with emotion, with skill and sometimes with powerful oratory, how he said to Peter, "Put up thy sword," and all the time it has been girding on the sword of Peter literally. Not alone during what we call the Dark Ages did Christian knights lead their pathetic hordes across Europe to die for an empty grave, but since then and even to this day, the church has lifted its priestly hands to invoke from on high the benedictions of God upon the soldier. But the prophet who spoke triumphantly and herocially in the words I have just read, is not without successors, and they are found in all times, a few of whom with Isaiah have seen that the sword must be beaten into plowshares and the spear into pruning hooks before the reign of God will appear upon earth, before the Kingdom of Jehovah can be established.

And so I see many signs that at last the church is beginning to range itself on the side of the army of peace and to pronounce against the mad hypnotism that marshals young men in battalions under the inspirations of battle, or banners and guns, as if the cause of righteousness could be advanced by the representatives of violence.

This is why I consider the study of this army of peace a fitting study for Thanksgiving Day. Thank Heaven for these *uncounted* forces of home, of school and of the church, which are to be the conquering elements in the army of peace.

But the church still hesitates, the school is still obscured, and many a home is confused over the problem, for here comes the appeal that says, "We want virile men, we want heroic men!" and preachers are echoing the cry of the war advocates against the "molly-coddle," an ill-starred word, unfortunately resurrected from an obsolete dictionary. It often carries a false implication, for the boys who are in danger of being debilitated by the arts of peace, those who are touched with gentleness, who avoid violence, and enjoy the company of mother and sister, and whose conduct will not bring the blush to the cheeks either of mother or

sister and whose language will give no offense to the sanctity of home, who are menaced by the feminine graces of gentleness and patience, endurance and tenderness, are a negligible quantity, compared to the great throngs of boys who are roughened and coarsened by the appeal to brawn, which is the humiliation and the menace of our educational centers today. Oh, what a coarse,—I am trying to find a gentle word,—what a coarse introduction to the sancities of Thanksgiving Week, the holiness of the home, was witnessed yesterday upon the athletic fields of most of the great universities of America, and how consoling is the morning paper which tells us that "only fourteen were killed last year on the— do you call it the "gridiron?"—it is a battlefield anyway. "*Only* fourteen this year." Only six college students this year,—five last year,—but the *Tribune* is very much encouraged. Read the list in this morning's paper; count the number of boys who had cracked skulls and broken legs; read of the boy who, crazed through an accident on the playground, in his insanity lost his life by jumping out of the hotel window. Read all those facts, go put your own boy on the battle-ground, and then realize how this silly crowd preaches against gentleness and tenderness lest it may make "molly-coddles." I don't know what this word implies, but I thank heaven for the boys who have too much regard for the mothers who bore them to submit themselves to such brutalizing influences, and I pray that the universities of the land may take counsel of their own scientists, abolish this survival of the gladiatorial shows of Rome, and call things by their right name. At best, it is a revelation of brawn and not of brain, and the facts now sufficiently show that those developed by this method are not developed spiritually or physically to that degree that they become leaders in social life when thus steeped in brutalities

I blame not the boys; they yield to that hypnotism that Tolstoy speaks of, "the hypnotism of the mob,"—the mass, the army,—it is essentially military, I blush for the fathers and mothers who by the thousands yesterday cheered them on. I blush for the preachers and the church members who, at the risk of life and neglect of the amenities, shivered on the "bleachers" that they might see Rome in its barbaric days revived under university sanction. I believe what I say and I am saying what I believe, that this appeal to brawn, this development of the brute, this exaggeration of the competitive spirit, which is directly opposed to the fraternal spirit, is unacademic, is non-scientific, is unworthy the education we boast of and the educational institutions we support, and it makes directly for the war spirit. No filling of the ranks, no reducing of the danger, no amelioration of the technique will atone for that violence to the ideal that puts brawn above brains, muscle against gentleness and politeness and the love of study, the love of science.

There is a tradition of which I read last week in some paper that at the beginning of this football craze back in the seventies, a Harvard student, who was very necessary to the strength of the team when they were to sally forth to fight with Yale, stayed at home because there were certain experiments in chemistry in which he was interested and which he wished to finish. That sounds like ancient history. No best man will desert his team now in order that he may work in the laboratory, but that boy is, to my mind, the hero of Harvard College, and not the man who kicked the ball farthest and broke the collar bone of a Yale man.

We need, in the interest of the home, and in the light of science, and by the inspirations of religion, to revive and restore our admiration for the heroes of peace. I have already spoken of Bismarck as forgotten, as against his contemporary, Darwin, the immortal, but go through the pages of history anywhere and everywhere, and you will find that the immortals are those who with Buddha and Jesus said in ways impressive, "Put up the sword, follow gentleness, seek service."

Again quoting David Starr Jordan, he has said that those nations that survive are those that have made league with altruism, and they only win in the battle of peace who work for the forces that are intangible.

I appeal to you, fathers and mothers, this Thanksgiving week, to realize that the heroes of the future are those who fight the foes of civilization and humanity.

Is there nothing to challenge the valiant in a boy if he cannot go to war? Must we poke up our neighbor and make him mad in order that our boy may have a chance to make life worth while?

What are the great forces that are crowding humanity and need more and more skill to handle them? The inhospitable climate, the hunger that comes from unreclaimed and improperly tilled acres, the horrible enemies of health, those great new fields of battle which appeal so strongly to the valiant, that are revealed only by the microscope.

Our boys did pretty well down there in Havana and Cuba during the war. I would not snatch a single laurel from the brow of those who charged up San Juan hill,—but, honestly, to a fellow who smelt powder at Vicksburg and Corinth and Chattanooga, it was pretty thin, that San Juan business. I say pluck no laurel from the brew of those who rode up that hill, but you and I know that the really valiant service, the true honor that was won to the American flag in Cuba was after peace was declared, when General Wood cleaned the streets of Havana, purged it of pestilence, and made that disease-ridden city one of the most sanitary and safe to live in on the globe.

The real heroes of the present day are those who fight the pestilential mosquito, the plague-smitten rat and the insidious microbe,—they represent the real "enemies of society;" they challenge whatever is heroic and self-denying and self-sacrificing in the young devotee of science; those forces appeal to the boy of whom the mother is to be proud.

And the old, old Gospel of Jesus, the old, old message of the beloved disciple, the old, old hymn of Paul to love, these are to find a recrudescence in the twentieth century, a new reading in the generations that are to come, and they are to turn the tide of battle and bring victory to those who have worked for peace. Brotherhood is in the air, and everybody this side of the Cabinet and the Senate

Committee on Foreign Affairs has heard of it. The treaty between England and the United States and the others that are to follow, have already been approved in the home circles, in the college class room and in the church, and those fellows down in Washington will hear of it after a while.

But my time is gone. I have pleaded for the army of peace, I have recognized the inadequacy of the *counted* forces that we have trusted too much, and I have tried to summon before you these new phalanges that are swinging into line and are going to sweep the field, the home, the school and the church.

But Honor! What about Honor? Yes, don't you know that honor has the same root as honesty, and that honor that cannot be trusted to the judgment of the competent, the honor that is not willing to play the game of life, is dishonorable?

I close with a quotation from the last book of David Jayne Hill, on "World Organization," a man whom the government has trusted. He says:

> The one common enemy that brings about these antognisms is named Mutual Distrust. He cannot be overcome by quick-firing guns or aeroplanes charged with explosives or fleets of battleships. There is but one champion able to destroy him. In the right hand is the uplifted sword, but it is broken; in the other trembles the balance, which has not been tried. Yet it is before this august presence of justice that the nations must learn their destiny.

The statue of Justice on the court house is represented as blind by classic art, not for the reason generally ascribed, but because she is to be impartial, she is not to see the favorites on one side or the other, she holds aloft the balance, and that is the symbol of peace. By this sign will we conquer, and on this line will we find our honor as well as our power.

Book Notes

The grist of books for autumn reading has started, and the prospect is that we shall have some very good ones. From Doubleday, Page and Co., I have received two volumes of the Garden Library, "Vines and How to Grow Them," by William C. McCollom, and "Garden Planning," by W. S. Rogers. Those who like to grow house plants, those who like to have roses climbing over their porches, and those who want to know all about grapes, will want this book on vines. It tells you all about the clematis, honeysuckles and wisterias, as well as our garden climbers, like lima beans. It seems curious to me to read about the alamanda and jasmine as house plants. Here in Florida I have the alamanda covering twenty feet square, and covering my porch with golden flowers as big as tea cups all summer and all winter. The jasmines are just as free on the other side of my veranda,—outdoor plants, both of them. The book by Mr. Rogers on garden planning is exceedingly useful, although I do not agree with him on lots of things. He will agree with most of you better than I would. The book is full of value as to fertilizers, and its suggestions as to planting and planning are enough for all the readers of UNITY to get good from.

Doubleday, Page and Co., are getting out a Children's "Library of Work and Play." It is going to be of unusual value. I like the program immensely. The list of volumes will include one on carpentry and wood work; one on mechanics, indoors and out; one on working in metals, one on housekeeping, one on needlecraft, one on gardening and farming, one on outdoor sports and games, one on electricity and its everyday uses. These are practical, and they hit the boys and girls just right. They will tend, not only to make good farmers and good home-makers, but they will help to bring the American home up to date. I recommend you to get these books and let your children use them.

Those who know William Newton Clarke, for a long while connected with Colgate University and now with Stetson, know one of the purest and sweetest of our intellectual leaders. He is not only gentle, but strong, and is able to interpret Jesus, the Christ, as few can. His present book, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is called "The Ideal of Jesus." This is the ninth volume that he has published, and I believe that every one of them has good weight. We have, among our religious books, too many that are simply creeping along, and the authors had better wait a while before publishing. One of them said to me lately, "I published too quick; I had not seen through my subject." That is it, see through before you begin to instruct; the lesson worth the while always and everywhere.

From the Macmillan Co., I have "Old Lamps for New," by E. V. Lucas. This is a little book to be carried out into your hammock and taken just as you would take moonlight of a genial October evening,—just such an evening as I had yesterday. I like such books as these, and Macmillan cannot print too many of them.

From the same house comes "Truth and Reality," by Professor Boodin, of the University of Kansas. This is a remarkable book, and will go a long way to help you get rid of careless thinking. The author was a pupil of William James, and in the least satisfactory part of the book he undertakes to explain pragmatism, (Dr. James' new philosophy). I do not think that he interprets Herbert Spencer correctly when he attributes to him the opinion that "Utter characterlessness, existence without content, is the goal of religious progress." He is right, however, in brushing aside the Spencerian doctrine of an "unknowable" God. His handling of evolution is generally generous and luminous. I am particularly interested in his chapter on "Mind and Instinct." It is a capital theme admirably worked out. Our bodies are almost entirely operating under instinct or with instinctive power, and the same can be said of our minds. By and by we are going to pack away into instinct a lot of the hard work that we have to do as thinking, and will be able to push our way into realms at present unknown. I recommend this book as one of the most important since Cope's "Origin of the Fittest." I should like to see Edmund Montgomery's review of it.

E. P. POWELL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A THANKSGIVING OFFERING OF AN OLD MAN

There is only one way: we must either have a groutch in our hearts as we think over the past and our present environments or we must feel the bird song there of appreciation, a deep sentiment of thankfulness to the Great Ruler of the Universe for what we are, for what we have that gives us our enjoyment, our material sources of joy, love, peace, comfort, and, better than these, our desire and aspirations for the higher life which give us in the realization of those blessed ideals the most exquisite pleasure that this world or any other can give. Paul says, "We are saved by hope!" Saved for this world and all other worlds through which we ascend to perfection. For this hope, O Father, are we most thankful of all. We thank Thee that we life in this government on earth, in a land of peace and plenty. How our hearts swell within us as we compare our great prosperity with the awful strife, bloodshed, devastation of China, Turkey and the sad condition of the masses in Russia, India, and the warlike and cruel attitude of nearly all the great nations of the earth. Here peace reigns in all our borders, and our granaries are full to overflowing with fruits and grains, with millions of bushels to spare for the hungry nations around us, and there is no power on earth that dare to molest or can make us afraid.

And we are so thankful that a great, noble army of us, now only a remnant left, went forth to do and battle for our blessed old flag and that she still waves, the most respected and best loved flag on this earth. And we are so thankful that our government is doing so much for us in our old age when our bodies have become weak and we are inefficient. It comes as the blessed benediction of a great people to dying heroes of '61 and '64. And now our own tongue can recall them all. The little sorrows and losses of other years, the dear friends to whom we said good bye; the parents laid away beneath the sod, the dear children who tore our heart strings as they passed on, "The words of love once spoken, the vanished hand," and the beautiful, celestial radiance of the dying countenance of one who said as she passed on, "If this is called dying, it is glorious to die." These are blessed souvenirs for which, above all, we are so thankful. Ie is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Can we close our prayer of gratitude with any better amen than the words of the sweet singer of Israel:

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his loving kindness, and his wonderful works to the children of men."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS

"The real, precious, and indispensable Christmas present is assurance of the heart's sympathy, friendship, and love."

A Christmas Posy. *Margaret Lee Ashely*	$0.10
A Christmas Wish. *Evelyn H. Walker*	.10
Here's A Thought of Joyous Cheer. *Ethel M. Colson*	.03
Love's Storehouse. *Althea A. Ogden*	.10
And Now Open Your Heart. *H. W. Longfellow*	.10
Here's To Thee and Thy Folks	.10

Christmas Cards

No. 1	Loving Thoughts	$0.10
No. 2	Good Wishes	.10
No. 3	Christmas Spirit	.10
No. 4	Paper Bird	.10
No. 5	Memory Bells	.10
No. 6	Friendship	.10
No. 7	Forget-Me-Not	.10

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Chicago.

FOR
ICE CREAM
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity telephone Oakland 290
Frozen Arts
743 East 43rd St.

BALDWIN
Player-
Pianos

Are built larger and heavier than ordinary Pianos. That is why a Baldwin Player (The Master Technician) cannot be installed in an ordinary Piano. It's too big—too comprehensive—too capable for an ordinary Piano. The

Baldwin Player-Piano

is a composite success—each made the best and each made for the other, Piano and Player. If you are not familiar with them, confer a favor upon us by letting us show you.

Demonstrations at all times—catalog free.

THE BALDWIN CO.
Manufacturers
323 SOUTH WABASH AVE.

DRUGS COMPLETE STOCK BEST QUALITY
C. R. WALGREEN & CO.
Successors to W. G. Valentine
3900 Cottage Grove Ave.

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

Sample copies of Unity sent anywhere upon application.

The DREXEL LAUNDRY

3909 Langley Avenue, Chicago
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 642

BEST POSSIBLE LAUNDRY SERVICE

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings' Grove, Ill.

Dowd Pure Milk Co.

4326-34 WABASH AVE.
Phone Oakland 474

Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country.

OUR MOTTO: Purity. Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery.

FONGER'S SANITARY BAKERY

Shop and Ovens in rear of store. Your inspection invited

3852 Cottage Grove Ave.

Phone Douglas 5962

HEALTH BULLETIN

USE WANZER'S GERM-NO MILK
WANZER'S DELICIOUS, RICH CREAM
WANZER'S BUTTER CUP BRAND CREAMERY BUTTER

All guaranteed and can be obtained only of

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS

21 E. THIRTIETH ST. Phone—Douglas 817
6315 KIMBARK AVE. Phone—Hyde Park 207
600 W. 71ST. ST. Phone—Stewart 139

ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS

INCORPORATED

Frank R. Prieve, President
4821 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Telephone Kenwood 3713

Colvin L. Johnson

4137 Cottage Grove Ave.

Automobile Supplies and Repairs CHICAGO

Phone Douglas 1136

Bernet & Co.

Electricians and Locksmiths

Fine Residence Work Especially

3975 Cottage Grove Avenue
CHICAGO

Oakland Candy Shop

E. SCHEIDT PROP
N. W. Cor. Oakwood Blvd. and Cottage Grove Ave.
CHICAGO
Makes Candies Fresh daily. Best Ice Creams, Ices and Soda in the city.

Ideal Cream

For Chapped and Rough Skin

Prepared by
WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash stand.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC

Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth Street
CHICAGO

Tel. Douglas 3882. Est. 187

Wm. Wilson

Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery, Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago